THE CANADIAN READERS

BOOK II

FREE TEXT-BOOK

THE PROPERTY OF

Ralph Laronde

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SCHOOL Crescent

DIVISION 2

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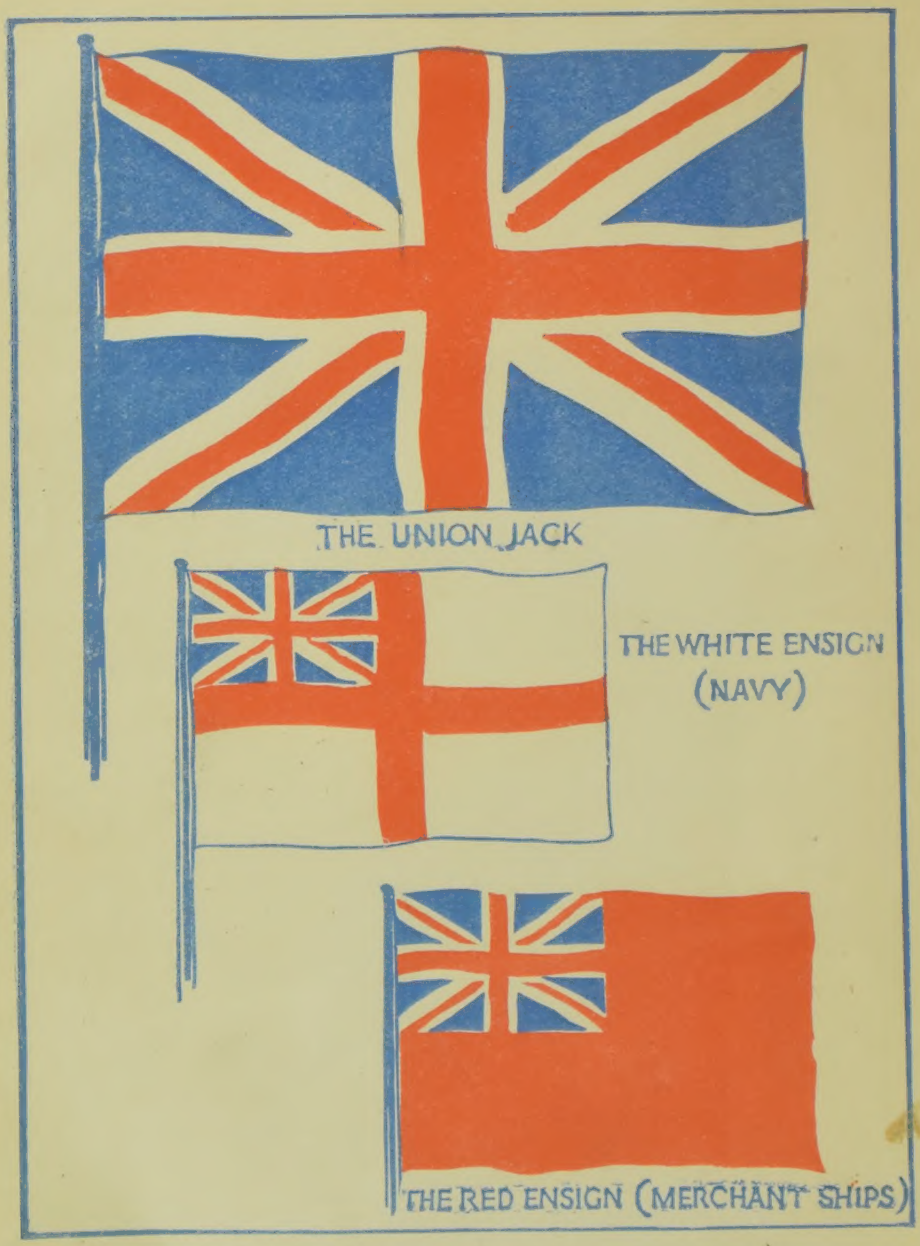

The Union Jack.

THE CANADIAN READERS

Book II

Authorized for Use in the Public Schools of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia

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THE CANADIAN READERS

BOOK II

MORNING HYMN

FATHER, we thank Thee for the light,
And for the blessings of the night;
For rest and food, and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.

Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, in work or play,
To grow more loving every day.

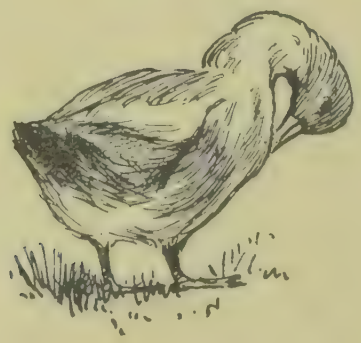
THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG

THERE was a man who had a very fine goose. Every day she laid an egg of gold. The man soon became rich.

As he grew rich, he grew greedy. "The goose must be gold inside," he thought to himself. "I will open her and get all the gold at once."

So he killed the goose, but he found no gold. Then the man wrung his hands and said, "I wish I had been content with the golden egg each day."

ÆSOP.



MATILDA JANE

Matilda Jane, you never look
At any toy or picture book.
I show you pretty things in vain;
You must be blind, Matilda Jane.

I ask you riddles, tell you tales,
But all our conversation fails.
You never answer me again;
I fear you're dumb, Matilda Jane.

Matilda, darling, when I call,
You never seem to hear at all.
I shout with all my might and main;
But you're so deaf, Matilda Jane!

Matilda Jane, you needn't mind:
For, though you're deaf and dumb and
blind,
There's some one loves you, it is plain,
And that is I, Matilda Jane.

Lewis Carroll.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

A FISHERMAN and his wife lived in a hut by the sea.

One day the fisherman sat on the shore fishing. "The fish do not bite to-day," he said.

Then his rod began to bend. He drew out a large fish.

"Let me go," said the fish. "I am not good to eat. I am not a real fish.

I am a prince. Please put me back and I will swim away."

So the fisherman put him back in the sea.

The fisherman went home to his wife.

"Did you catch a fish to-day," she said.

"Yes, I caught a very large fish. It could talk. It said, 'I am not a real fish. I am a prince. Please put me back into the water, and I will give you anything you wish for.' So I let it go, and it swam away."

"Did you wish for a house?" said his wife.

"No," said the fisherman. "I am happy here."

"Go back," said his wife, "and wish for a house."

So the man sat on the shore and said,

"O Prince in the sea,
Come hearken to me,
My wife Isabel
Has a wish to tell."

The fish swam to the shore and said, "What does she wish?"

"She does not like our little hut. She wants a house to live in."

"Go home," said the fish, "she is in her home now."

The man went home. His wife was at the door.

"Come in," she said, "and see our nice rooms."

"We shall always be happy now," said the man.

But one day the fisherman's wife said, "I do not like this little house.

I must have a castle. Go down to the shore and ask for a castle."

So the fisherman went down to the shore and said,

"O Prince in the sea,
Come hearken to me,
My wife Isabel
Has a wish to tell."

"What does she wish?" said the fish.

"She wants a castle," said the man.

"Go home," said the fish, "she is in her castle now."

His wife met him at the door. She took him by the hand and led him through the hall.

"It is very grand," he said.

One day his wife said, "You must be a King."

"No," he said; "I do not want to be a King."

"Then I shall have to be," said his wife. "Go down to the shore and tell the fish I want to be a King."

So the fisherman went to the shore and said,

"O Prince in the sea,
Come hearken to me,
My wife Isabel
Has a wish to tell."

The fish was very angry.

"What does she wish now?" he said.

"She wants to be King," said the man.

"Go back to your hut," he shouted.

When the fisherman got home, he found his wife in the little hut, and there they are until this day.

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night,
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me on the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

Robert Louis Stevenson.

(By permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.)

THE WATER AND THE PITCHER

"SEE me," said the blue china pitcher, "see how pretty I am. And I can hold water. I am so strong not one drop can get away."

"Oh, ho!" said the water in the pitcher, "I am strong too. I am stronger than you. Oh, ho!"

"No, you are not," said the blue pitcher.

"H'm, just wait until to-night, and you'll find out a thing or two," said the water, chuckling.

That night the fire went out, and Jack Frost came in.

Then all the little water fairies became very busy. They worked very

fast and very hard. The water in the blue china pitcher grew colder and colder. Then it grew harder and harder.

By-and-by, snap, crack! snap, crack! went the blue china pitcher.

"Oh, ho!" said the water. "Now you see a thing or two, blue china pitcher. Are you stronger than I? If you are, why did you crack? Why? Why?"

THE CHICKENS

Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,
With a small cry of grief,
"I wish I could find
A green little leaf!"

"Now see here!" said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
Just come here and scratch!"

Little Chicks.—*Lloyd.*

BABY BEAR MENDS HIS CHAIR

After dinner was over the Great Big Bear went out on the piazza.

He sat down to read his paper.

Baby Bear helped the Middle-sized Bear wash and wipe the three bowls and the three spoons.

Then he went out on the piazza too.

He sat down on the step to wait until the Great Big Bear had finished reading the paper.

He watched the little birds hopping along the path.

He watched the red squirrels playing tag among the trees.

At last he heard the Great Big Bear put down the paper and give a great big yawn.

In a minute Baby Bear was on his feet, dancing up and down.

"Are you going to work now?" he piped. "I will run and get the hammer and some nails. I know where they are."

"Very well," said the Big Bear. "I will find some wood in the shed."

He hunted and hunted until he found just the right piece of wood.

"This will make the chair as good as new," he said.

He fitted the broken chair together and nailed on the piece of wood to hold it firm.

"Bang, bang!" went the hammer on the head of the nail.

"Bang, bang, bang! You must hold fast and not let this chair fall to pieces again," it said.

"I wish I could hammer just one nail," piped Baby Bear. "I am a big bear now, you know."

"I am afraid you will hurt yourself," said the Great Big Bear.

"I will be very careful," said Baby Bear. "Please let me try."

"Very well," said the Great Big Bear, "you may drive this nail into the back of the chair."

Baby Bear took the hammer. Then he called to the Middle-sized Bear.

"I am going to drive a nail," he piped in his shrill little voice.

"Bing, bing, bing!" went the hammer.

It did not speak very loud. Perhaps that was because Baby Bear did not pound very hard.

"Bing, bing! You must hold fast," said the hammer to the nail.

"If you want me to hold fast you must say so in a loud voice," said the nail.

"Bing, bing, bing!" went the hammer.

But the bright little nail still held his head up high.

"I will make you jump this time," said Baby Bear, and he gave the nail a great big bang on the head.

"Bing, bing, bang!" went the hammer.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Baby Bear.

He dropped the hammer on the floor and held on to his paw.

"I made myself jump that time," he said, and he hopped round and round

on his hind feet, holding on to his little front paw.

The Middle-sized Bear ran to see what was the matter.

The Great Big Bear sat down in his chair and took Baby Bear on his knee.

Baby Bear tried hard not to cry, but two tears ran down his brown nose.

The Middle-sized Bear put on her spectacles and looked at the sore paw.

"You must have been trying to hammer one of your own nails," she said.

"I will put on some oil and bind your paw up in a cloth."

In a few minutes Baby Bear had a white mitten on his little brown paw.

Then he sat on the steps and the Middle-sized Bear told him a story.

While she was telling the story the Big Bear finished mending the chair.

Then the Big Bear went to the village to buy a lock for the door.

He bought a great big lock with a great big key.

When he came home he put the lock on the door.

Baby Bear sat on the piazza, but he did not say one word about helping.

"Bang, bang, bang!" went the hammer, and the nails held the lock fast.

The next morning the three bears went for a long walk in the woods.

The Great Big Bear locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

"That little girl will not lie down in my bed to-day," he growled.

"She will not eat my porridge," said the Middle-sized Bear.

"And she will not break my chair," piped the Baby Bear, holding up his sore paw and limping along on three legs.

"I wonder what she will say when she sees the lock on the door."

But Silver Locks never saw the lock on the Bear's door.

Perhaps the Great Big Bear frightened her with his big growl.

Or perhaps she could not find the right little path through the woods.

MARY FRANCES BLAISDELL.

(From "Pretty Polly Flinders," by permission of Little, Brown, and Co.)

THE RAINBOW

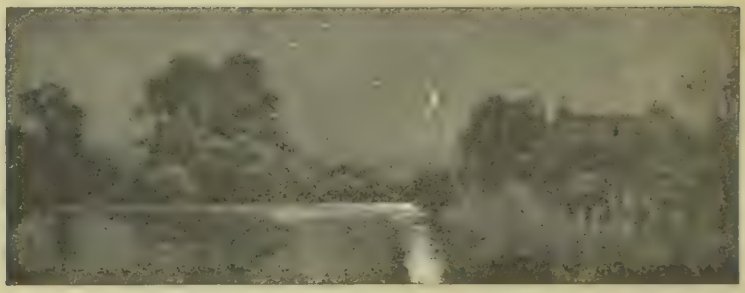
Two little clouds one summer's day
Went flying through the sky;
They went so fast they bumped their heads,
And both began to cry.

Old Father Sun looked out, and said:
"Oh! never mind, my dears,
I'll send my little fairy folk
To dry your falling tears."

One fairy came in violet,
And one in indigo;
In blue, green, yellow, orange, red—
They made a pretty row.

They wiped the cloud-tears all away,
And then, from out the sky,
Upon a line the sunbeams made,
They hung their gowns to dry.

LIZZIE HADLEY.



A NEW GAME

Let us play that it is night. I shall be the moon, and you the stars.

Little stars, what do you see when you peep down from the sky?

We see a pretty little brook running to the river. It runs all day and all night and never stops.

We see the brown spider in his web on the rose-bush. He is thinking about the fly that will come back in the morning.

We see the lily leaves in the river. But the lilies have gone to sleep.

We see a robin in the tree. He is thinking of the time when he will fly away south.

Do you see anything else, little stars?

Oh yes: we peep into a window, and see some happy children in bed. They look up and say, "Good-night, kind moon. Good-night, little stars."

AUTUMN FIRES

In the other gardens,
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over,
And all the summer flowers;
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all;
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(By permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.)

IN A MINUTE

Little May had one bad habit. If you asked her to do anything, she would say, "In a minute."

If her mother said, "May, dear, bring me my coat," she would say, "Yes, mother, in a minute." And even if her father called her for a ride, it was the same. She never did at once what she was told to do.

One day May's bird was flying about the room. Some one went out and left the door open. Her mother said, "Shut the door, my dear."

"Yes, mother, in a minute," said May. "I only want to finish this story."

But the cat did not wait. In she came, and with one jump had the bird

in her mouth. Down went the book on the floor, and away ran May after the cat. Very shortly she came back crying, with the dead bird in her hand.

Her mother was sad, too, but she said, "My dear little girl, you see that a great many things may happen in a minute."

It was a sad lesson for May, but it was one she did not forget.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

(From "Five Minute Stories," by permission of Milton Bradley Company.)

THE WIND

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

Christina G. Rossetti.

THE JACKAL AND THE ALLIGATOR

When he was hungry, a jackal used to go down to the river to hunt for crabs. An alligator lived in this river, and he had often seen the little jackal hunting. One day he said to himself, "If the jackal comes here to-day, I must catch him. What a good dinner that will be!"

The old alligator hid himself under the weeds that were growing in the water.

Now the jackal knew the alligator lived in the river, so he ran softly down to the bank and looked all around, but he could not see the old alligator. "I must find out where he is," said the jackal to himself.

Then he began talking right out

loud. "Where have all the little crabs gone to-day?" he said. "There is not one here, and I am so hungry. Sometimes when the crabs are under the water, I can see them going bubble, bubble, bubble. And all the little bubbles go pop, pop, pop!"

When the old alligator heard this, he laughed. "Ho, ho!" said he to himself. "I will make him think I am a little crab." He began to blow: "Puff, puff, puff! Bubble, bubble!" The bubbles were very, very big.

The little jackal laughed at that and ran away as fast as he could run, shouting, "Thank you, kind Mr. Alligator. Thank you. I'll find my dinner somewhere else to-day."

A Story from India.

THE BROWN THRUSH

THERE's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree:
He is singing to you! he is singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? don't you see?

Hush ! look here ! in my tree
I am as happy as happy can be."

And the brown thrush keeps sing-
ing, " A nest, do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the
big cherry tree ?
Don't meddle, don't touch, little
girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its
joy !
Now I'm glad ! now I'm free !
And I always shall be,
If you never bring any sorrow
to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings
away in the tree,
To you and to me—to you and
to me ;

And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be—
Don't you know? don't you see?—
Unless we're as good as can be."

LUCY LARCOM.

THE DANDELION

ONCE upon a time some beautiful dandelions grew in a grassy ditch. They had long stems, and their faces shone like gold. Near the ditch there was a little brown house.

The dandelions often looked at this little brown house and said, "I wonder who lives there? I wish some one

would come out and play with us." But no one ever came.

The dandelions grew taller and taller while they waited.

Then at last one day they got what they had been waiting for.

A little girl with golden curls came running down to the ditch.

"Oh, you beautiful dandelions," she cried, "how did you grow so tall and big?"

"We grew while we were waiting for you," they answered. "Now, will you play with us?"

"Yes, yes," she said, clapping her hands, "you shall be kings with golden crowns. The grass blades shall be soldiers all dressed in green, and I will be your queen."

So every day she played with the dandelions and the grass, and then one morning she had a great surprise.

She found that her kings with their golden crowns had gone. In their place stood old men with soft, white hair.

When they saw her they all bowed their heads, and said, "Dear little queen, we are glad you have come to say good-bye to us. We must go now; we are growing old. Good-bye."

Just then a strong wind made them bend very low. It made the soldiers bend very low too, and it tossed the little girl's curls across her face.

She pushed them away and looked for the white-haired men. But they had all gone, and only the green soldiers were left.

"Which may I keep?"—*Elsley.*

THE DANDELION

O Dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?
I just wait here in the long green grass,
Till the children come to play.

O Dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?
I wait and wait while the cool dew falls,
And my hair grows long and white.

And what do you do when your hair grows white,
And the children come to play?
They pick me up in their dimpled hands,
And blow my hair away.

Oh, bright all day in the grass, like stars,
And fit for a chain of gold,
The children laugh when they see him smile,
But they love him best when he's old.

EMMA PAYNE ERSKINE.

THE SNOW BLANKET

THE seeds had fallen from the trees and the plants. "They will be cold," said the Earth, "for winter is coming. We must get them a warm blanket."

So she called to the North Wind, "North Wind, please get me a blanket

for the little seeds. Winter is coming, so get me a blanket that is soft and warm."

The North Wind went to the Frost King and told him what Mother Earth wished for. The Frost King said he would ask the Cloud to bring him the blanket.

When the Cloud heard what was wanted, he went to the Sun and said, "Please shine on the Ocean and ask him to send me many drops of water."

So the Sun shone on the Ocean, and the little drops were lifted to the Cloud. Then the Frost King breathed on the water-drops, and they changed to small white stars. Each star had six points and was as soft and light as thistle-down.

The North Wind took the little stars and carried them to Mother Earth. "Here is your blanket, Mother Earth. Now the seed babies will be warm."

So the stars settled in hundreds and thousands on the ground. Soon the little seeds were covered with a soft white blanket of pure snow. They would be warm during the cold winter.

THE SNOW BIRD'S SONG

The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee.

He had not been singing his tune
very long
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was
his song;
"Oh, sister, look out of the window,"
said she;
"Here's a dear little bird singing
chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-
de-dee.

"Oh, mother, do get him some stock-
ings and shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat, if
he choose;
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him, poor
chick-a-de-dee,

Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee."

"There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too.
Good morning! Oh, who are as happy as we?"
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee.

FREDERICK C. WOODWORTH.

KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES

Long, long ago there lived a King called Solomon. He was so wise that people came from all parts of the earth to visit him. If there was a quarrel, he knew how to settle it; if there was anything lost, he knew where to find it; if there was any riddle, he could solve it.

One day a beautiful lady drove up to his castle. She was very wealthy, for she was a Queen. She brought with her rich presents for the King. She talked with him for many hours, and she admired his great wisdom.

Before leaving, she said she would test his power in a new way. She placed before the King two beautiful

flowers. One was real, and the other was made from wax. But the two flowers looked exactly alike. "Choose now, O King!" she said. "Tell me by looking at them which is the real flower, and which flower is made of wax."

For a long time the King looked at the flowers, but one seemed to be as perfect as the other. At last he said, "We shall take the flowers to the garden."

In the garden the bees were flying around seeking for honey. They came to the two flowers, but not one of them entered the one made from wax.

"Now, O Queen!" he said, "I can tell you which is the real flower. My eyes cannot tell, but the bees always go where the honey is."

THE LITTLE SEED

In the heart of a seed buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant lay fast asleep.

"Wake," said the sunshine, "and creep to the light."
"Wake," said the voice of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard, and it rose to see
What the wonderful outside world might be.

KATE LOUISE BROWN.

WHY THE BEAR'S TAIL IS SHORT

DID you ever go to a circus where there was a bear in a cage?

Did you notice how short his tail was?

I will tell you how the bear's tail came to be short.

One very cold day in winter, a fox saw some men taking home a load of fish. The fox jumped upon the wagon while the men were not looking. He threw off some of the best fish until he had enough for his dinner. Then Mr. Fox jumped from the wagon and began to eat the fish.

While he was eating the fish, Mr. Bear came along.

"Good morning," said Mr. Bear.

"You have had good luck fishing to-day. Those are very fine fish. How did you catch them?"

"They are fine fish," said Mr. Fox. "If you will go fishing with me to-night I will show you how to catch even better fish than these."

"I will go with you gladly," said the bear. "I will bring my hook and line too."

"You don't need a hook and line," said the fox. "I always catch fish with my tail. You have a much longer tail than I, and can fish so much better."

At sunset the bear met the fox. They went across the frozen river until they came to a small hole in the ice.

"Now, Mr. Bear," said the fox, "sit down here on the ice and put your tail

through the hole. You must keep still for a long while. That is the best way to catch fish. Wait until a great many fish take hold of your tail. Then pull with all your might."

The bear sat very still for a long time. At last he began to feel cold, and he moved a little. "Ow!" he cried, for his tail had begun to freeze in the ice.

"Is it not time to pull out the fish?" said the bear.

"No, no," cried the fox. "Wait until more fish have taken hold of your tail. You are very strong. You can wait a little longer."

So the poor bear waited until it was almost morning.

Just then some dogs began to bark

on the bank of the river. The bear was so frightened that he jumped up quickly and pulled with all his might, but his tail was frozen fast in the ice. He pulled and pulled until at length the tail was broken short off.

Mr. Fox ran away laughing and laughing at the trick he had played upon Mr. Bear.

Bears' tails have been short ever since.

(*By permission of Messrs. Ginn and Co.*)

THE SANDMAN

The Sandman comes across the land
At evening when the sun is low,
Upon his back a bag of sand,
His step is soft and slow.
I never hear his gentle tread,
But when I bend my sleepy head,
"The Sandman's coming," mother says,
And mother tells the truth always.

I guess he's old with silver hair,
He's up so late! He has to go
To lots of children everywhere
At evening when the sun is low.
His cloak is long and green and old,
With pretty dreams in every fold;
His shoes are silken, mother says,
And mother tells the truth always.

He glides across the sunset hill
To seek each little child like me,
All our day-tired eyes to fill
With sands of sleep from slumber's sea.
I try my best awake to stay,
But I am tired out with play.
I'll never see him, mother says,
And mother tells the truth always.

MARIE VAN VORST.

THE MOUSE AND THE LION

One day a lion lay down to sleep.

A little mouse was playing near at hand. In his play he ran over the lion's paw and awoke him.

"Do not harm me, please," said the mouse. "If you let me go now, I may be of help to you some day."

The old lion laughed. He thought a little thing like a mouse could never be of help to a big lion. But he set the little mouse free.

Some time after the lion was caught by some men. They bound him with a net made of strong ropes, and left him for a while. He tried with all his strength to break out of the net; but the ropes were too strong for him.

The little mouse came along and saw him. He told the lion to keep quiet and he would soon set him free. So he began to gnaw the ropes one by one. At last the lion was able to get up and run away.

"Once you laughed at me," said the little mouse; "but you see a little mouse may help a lion after all."

The Watering Place.—*Rosa Bonheur.*

FROGS AT SCHOOL

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they,
"First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive.

From his seat upon a log,
Showed them how to say "Ker-chog!"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last.
Not one dunce was in the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot.

Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

GEORGE COOPER.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

SCENE I.—THE DUCK-YARD

The Duck Mother

Come now, children, and I shall take you to the duck-yard. But stay close by me, so that no one may tread upon you; and take care that the cat does not get you. Now, use your legs and behave as well as you can. You must

bow your heads before that old duck in the corner. She is the finest duck in the yard. See! she has a red rag tied to her leg, and that is something to be very proud of. It is a great honor for a duck to wear a red rag, for it means that she is better than ordinary ducks. Now, bow your heads and say "Quack! Quack!" That is the way.

The Duck with the Red Rag

Good morning, Mother Duck! Those are beautiful children you have—all but that last one. I wish he were not so ugly. He is very big, but then he is so clumsy. What is the matter with him? Is he lame, or is he just awkward?

The Duck Mother

He does seem awkward, I admit, and he is very large for his age. I think he

The ducks bit him, and the hens pecked him.

stayed too long in the egg. But I hope he will grow up strong and be able to take care of himself.

The Hens

Look at that ugly duckling! Isn't he ugly? Isn't he clumsy? Turn him out of the yard! Peck him! Chase him!

A Little Duckling

You ugly thing! I wish you wouldn't come with us. I wish the cat would get you. I can't bear to look at you.

The Ugly Duckling

Oh, how unhappy I am! Nobody loves me because I am so ugly. I cannot live here any longer. I must run away—away out into the world, so that no one can see me.

Scene II.—The Little Cottage

The Woman of the House

Here is a prize, indeed. Now I can have some duck eggs.

The Hen

Can you lay eggs? You can't? Then be so good as to keep quiet.

The Cat

Can you raise your back and purr, and send out sparks? You can't? Then you have no right to speak at all.

The Ugly Duckling

How much I should like to go for a swim in the clear cold water! It is so delightful to have it close over one's head while one dives down to the bottom!

The Hen

You must be out of your senses. Ask the cat. He knows more than any one else. Ask him how he would like to swim on the water, and dive down to the bottom. Or ask our mistress, the old lady. She knows more than all the rest of the world. Do you think she would like to swim, or to let the water close over her head? You are talking nonsense. Why don't you learn to behave like me and the cat? Why don't you lay eggs or get up your back and purr? If I were you, I would run away and hide.

The Ugly Duckling

I am afraid it is no better here. Nobody has any use for me. Everybody is very unkind to me. I must go out

into the world again — out into the world again.

Scene III.—The Pond

The Ugly Duckling

What a long, cold winter it has been! I do not know how I have lived through it. I remember when I was frozen in the ice. I remember, too, the day that the beautiful big birds came. How I should love to be near them all the time. Oh! there they are again. How beautiful they are! I shall fly to them, but they may kill me because I am so ugly. But it is better to be killed by these beautiful birds than to be scolded and pushed about by everybody.

The Swans

Oh, here is a new brother. Come this

way, brother. You are whiter and prettier than any of us. Come and let us stroke you with our bills.

The Children

Here is a new swan! Here is a new swan! Isn't he beautiful? See how he swims! Look at his picture in the water. Let us get bread and cake for him. He is so young and so pretty, he must stay with us.

The Ugly Duckling

Just to think that I am not an ugly duckling after all, but a beautiful white swan! My heart will break. I never dreamed while I was in the duck-yard that I could ever be so happy.

Dramatized from HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing—
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle, and all
Over the countryside,

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown;
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(By permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.)

Swinging.—*K. Perugini.*

THE LOST DOLL

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and white, dears,
And her hair was beautifully curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;

And I cried for her more than a week,
dears,
And I never could find where she
lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is very much changed,
dears,
For her paint is all washed away.

And her arms trodden off by the cows,
dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake she is still,
dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

LITTLE HIAWATHA

Long ago there was a little Indian boy called Hiawatha. He lived with his grandmother.

Their home was in a forest, near a lake. They lived in a tent made of poles and skins. It was called a wigwam. They had no chairs and no table. They sat on heaps of skins and fur. They had no stove; they made a fire of wood on the ground. They had no corn or wheat. They lived on the flesh of the buffalo, and on fish from the lake.

When Hiawatha was a baby his grandmother made him a cradle. It was a little box made of the bark of a tree, and was lined with soft, dry moss.

Hiawatha.

How do you think his grandmother rocked him to sleep?

First of all she tied him fast into the cradle, so that he could not fall out. Then she hung the cradle on the branch of a tree. When the wind blew, it rocked the cradle, and the little birds sang the baby to sleep.

When Hiawatha was a big boy he wanted to have a canoe.

He went into the forest, and saw some birch trees. "Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree," he said. "You do not need it now, for the winter is past."

And the birch tree answered, "Take my bark, O Hiawatha."

Then Hiawatha went up to a strong cedar tree. He wanted some of its boughs to make his canoe strong.

So the cedar tree said, "Take my boughs, O Hiawatha."

Then Hiawatha built a canoe of cedar and birch-bark, as he had seen other Indians do. He painted it with bright colors, and it was very pretty. It was very light, too, and went swiftly through the water.

So Hiawatha went out on the lake and up the rivers in his canoe.

He listened to the birds till he knew the meaning of their songs. He loved all the little wild animals of the forest. He watched the rabbits and the squirrels, and they were not afraid of him. Hiawatha called all the animals his brothers.

Do you know what he meant by that ?

HIAWATHA'S BROTHERS

THEN the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their
secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met
them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."
Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their
secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met
them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE WIND AND THE SUN

Wind. How strong I am! I can blow down houses, and tear up great trees by the roots. I am the strongest thing in all the world.

Sun. Oh no, you are not. You are very strong, but I can do many things that you cannot do. You can blow down trees, but I can make them grow.

Wind. Do you think you are stronger than I? You are very foolish to say so. You can do nothing but shine. Would you like to try your strength against mine?

Sun. Yes, I am quite willing. How shall we try our strength?

Wind. Do you see that man coming along the road? Let us see which of

us can make him take off his big coat.

Sun. Very well; you may try first.

Man. Dear me, how strong the wind is to-day! I am glad my coat is so warm. I must button it up tight, or the wind will tear it away. There now, let it blow as hard as it likes.

Sun. You have failed. Now it is my turn. Blow away those clouds, please, and let me have room to shine.

Man. What a sudden change in the weather! Why, it is quite warm after that blast. My heavy coat is too warm after all. I must take it off.

Sun. Now, Mr. Wind, you see I am the stronger.

A HAPPY HOME

I know a wee couple that lived in a tree,
And in the high branches their home you could see;
The bright summer came and the bright summer went,
And there they lived on, but they never paid rent.

Their parlor was lined with the softest of wool,
Their kitchen was warm, and their pantry was full;
And three little babies peeped out at the sky—
You never saw darlings so pretty and shy.

A Happy Home.—*S. J. Carter.*

When winter came on with its frost
and its snow,
They cared not a bit if they heard
the wind blow;
For wrapped in their furs they all
lay down to sleep,
But, oh, in the spring how their bright
eyes will peep!

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bedclothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets,
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant Land of Counterpane.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
(*By permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.*)

THE STORY OF PICCOLA

A LITTLE girl named Piccola lived in a land far away from here.

Her father and mother were very poor. Piccola had no dolls and no picture books. Yet she was always happy. In summer she played with the flowers and the butterflies in the fields.

The birds sang sweet songs to her, and the flowers made her glad with their gay colors and their sweet scent.

In winter she helped her mother in the house. When the days were cold the little birds flew to her window to be fed. When Christmas came, she put her shoe near the chimney for Santa Claus to see.

In that land the children do not hang up their stocking for Santa Claus. He puts presents into their shoes.

One year Piccola's mother was very poor indeed. "There will be no present for you from Santa Claus this Christmas," she said.

"Oh yes, mother; Santa Claus will not forget me," said Piccola with a laugh. So she put her shoe by the chimney on Christmas Eve.

Her mother was very sad. "Poor child," she said to herself, "I wish

I had something to put into her shoe. She will be so sorry to have no present from Santa Claus."

Next morning when Piccola awoke she ran to the chimney.

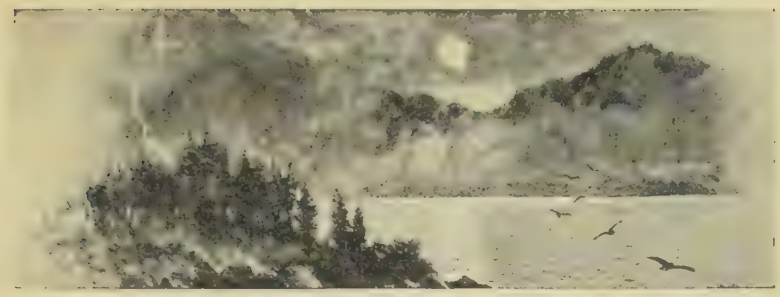
What do you think she found in her shoe? It was a little bird that had come down the chimney in the

cold night. How she danced and laughed when she saw it!

"Mother, mother," she cried, "look what Santa Claus has sent me. How did he know that I am fond of little birds? I will feed it and take care of it all winter, and it will sing sweet songs to us."

You can think how glad her mother was that Piccola had her Christmas present after all.

So the little girl was happy with her bird all winter. When spring came she opened the window and let it fly away. It flew to the woods near the house and made its nest there. And every day it came to sing at Piccola's window.



LADY MOON

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep.

Ask me not this, little child, if you
love me;
You are too bold;
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are
you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are
you loving?
All that love me.

LORD HOUGHTON.

THE RAINDROP

THE grass was parched and dry, the flowers drooped their heads, and the dust lay thick upon the trees. The bees could get no honey for their hives. The cattle wandered up and

down the fields, but could not get enough to eat.

Up in the sky a little cloud sailed slowly. In his arms he held the little water-drops that had come from the ocean. The little drops heard the trees and grass and flowers as they called for a drink.

"What good could I do?" said the first little drop. "What good could I do?" said a second little drop. "It is far more pleasant here than down there," said another drop. "I am afraid to jump down," said a fourth drop.

"But do you not see how the flowers are dying?" said a very small water-drop. "I am going down all alone, if no one else will come."

So down he fell, and before they

knew it, all the other drops went after him.

"What is this I feel?" said the little rose-tree. "Surely it cannot be a drop of rain! Why, there is another and another! Let me open up my leaves so that they may be washed."

"What is this?" said the earth. "I believe the rain is coming. How glad I am to get a drink!"

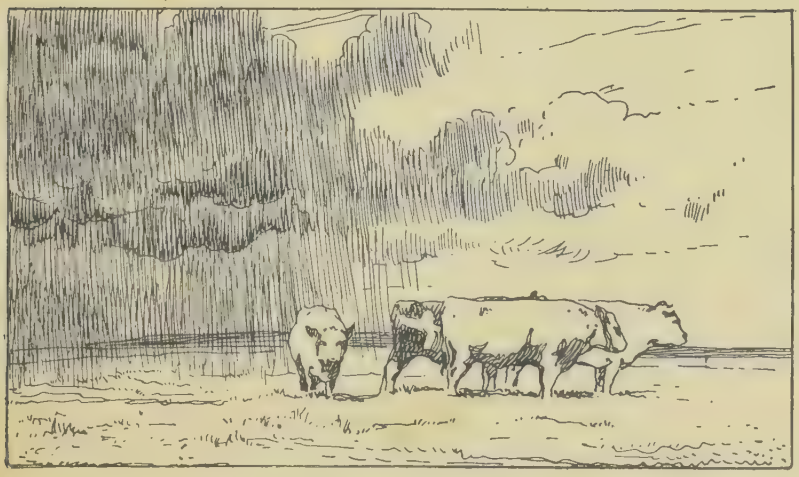
Then all the birds grew happy and hopped about in the rain. The cattle stood in the pastures and let the cool raindrops wash their broad backs.

The children looked out of the windows and clapped their hands.

Then, when all the rain had fallen and the cloud had passed away, the big sun came out and smiled. The

roses opened up their buds, the birds began to sing, and the children came out to play. Everybody and everything seemed bright and happy.

Then the drops said to each other, "The little raindrop was right after all. It would have been selfish to remain up in the mother cloud. It makes us happy to have the beautiful red rose smiling at us."



THE WIND

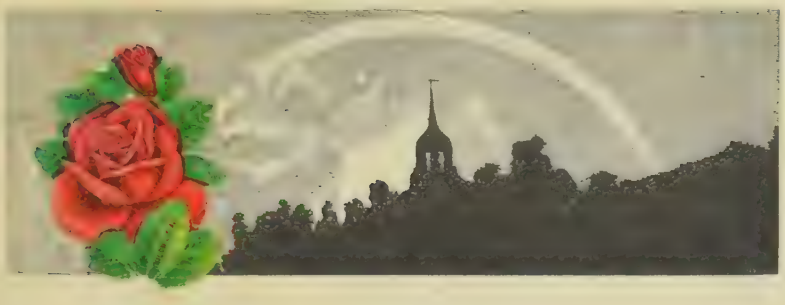
I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky,
And all around I heard you pass
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid;
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(By permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.)



THE RAINBOW BRIDGE

JUNO, the queen of the heaven, thought she must have a messenger. So she took Iris, a little sky fairy.

Iris lived up among the clouds, and played with the stars, and romped with the little winds. At night she used to sleep in the silver cradle of the Moon.

Sometimes Apollo, the Sun, took her in his golden car. Sometimes she slipped down to earth with the rain. Sometimes she went to visit her grandfather, the gray old Sea.

Her grandfather was always glad to see her, and when she came down, he would hitch up his white sea horses and drive her over the tops of the waves. What fun that was!

Old grandfather Sea loved Iris very much, and Apollo loved her, and Juno loved her. No one who saw her could help loving her; she was so bright and beautiful and good.

When Juno sent her down to the earth on errands, the old Sea always wanted her to stay. But Apollo, the Sun, wanted her too, and Juno wanted her.

At last the Sun and the Sea and the Air and the Rain all said they would make a bridge for Iris, so that she might go back and forth more quickly

between the earth and the sky, on the errands of Juno.

The Earth brought the colors of all her beautiful flowers—rose, and blue, and violet, and yellow, and orange, and the green of the grass.

The Sea gave silver mist.

The Clouds gave gray and gold.

The Sun himself spun the bridge out of all these colors.

Then he fastened one end of it to the sky and hung a pot of gold on the other end, to keep it from blowing away; and it is said that the pot of gold is still there in the earth at the end of the rainbow bridge.

But no one has ever found it.

(By permission of Messrs. Ginn and Co.)

PUTTING THE WORLD TO BED

The little snow-people are hurrying down
From their home in the clouds overhead;
They are working as hard as ever they can,
Putting the world to bed.

Each tree in a soft fleecy night-gown they clothe,
Each post in a night-cap of white,

And o'er the cold ground a thick
cover they spread
Before they say good-night.

And so they come eagerly sliding
down
With a swift and silent tread,
Always as busy as busy can be
Putting the world to bed.

ESTHER W. BUXTON.

HOW THE ROBIN GOT ITS RED BREAST

LONG, long ago there was only one small fire in all the cold Northland.

A man and his little boy took care of this fire. For many, many days and nights they tended it and kept it burning brightly.

They knew everybody would freeze

if the fire went out, and the white bear would be alone in the Northland. So they watched and tended the fire day and night. The white bear watched it too. He wanted the fire to go out. He wanted everybody in the Northland to freeze.

The white bear wanted to live in the Northland all alone. He likes to live where it is very, very cold. And he likes to live far, far away from everybody.

One day the man had to go away, and could not tend the fire, so the little boy kept it burning. He worked hard, very hard, and when night came he was so tired he could not keep his eyes open.

All the time the white bear was

watching. He saw the little boy nod and nod. He saw him go fast asleep.

Then he ran and jumped upon the fire with his big, wet paws. He rolled over and over on it. Again and again he jumped upon the fire and rolled over and over, until he couldn't see a spark.

"There, I've put the fire out," he said. "Now they'll all freeze. Now I can live in the Northland alone. Now I can have peace. Nobody will catch me or shoot me, now the fire's out."

And the white bear laughed and laughed.

The white bear thought nobody had seen what he had done. But a little robin had been watching him, and just

As soon as he went away the little robin flew down and tried to find some sparks of fire.

There were only two or three very tiny sparks left, but the little robin saw them with her sharp eyes.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said the robin. "Now Mr. White Bear will see what I can do."

Then she fanned the sparks with her pretty wings until they grew brighter and brighter. Not one minute did she stop fanning the sparks. It was hard work, and her poor little breast was scorched red. Just think of it, her poor little breast was scorched red!

But she fanned and fanned until the fire burned brightly. Then she flew away to tell how she had kept the fire

from going out and everybody in the Northland from freezing.

And this is how the robin got its red breast.

(*By permission of Messrs. Rand, M'Nally, and Co.*)

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

Christina G. Rossetti.

TWO LITTLE KITTENS

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight.
One had a mouse, the other had none;
And that's the way the fight was begun.

"I will have the mouse," said the bigger cat.
"You will have the mouse! We'll see about that."
"I will have that mouse," said the older one.
"You shan't have that mouse," said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two kittens began to fight.

The old woman took her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on a mat at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow and cold as ice;
For they thought 'twould be better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

WOLF! WOLF!

SHEEP-BOY. I am tired looking after these sheep. I would like to have some fun. I think I'll scare the men who are working in the next field. It will be good fun to see them run. Here's a wolf! *Here's a wolf! Here's a wolf!*

FIRST MAN. Who is shouting?

SECOND MAN. I think it is the sheep-boy in the next field.

THIRD MAN. I am sure it is. What is he saying?

SHEEP-BOY. Here's a wolf! *Here's a wolf! Here's a wolf!*

FIRST MAN. A wolf is stealing his sheep.

SECOND MAN. Let us run. Hurry! Run! run! run! faster! run!

(*Men reach the boy.*)

FIRST MAN (*out of breath*). What is the matter, boy? Why did you call us?

SHEEP-BOY. Ha, ha, ha! I just had some fun. Ha, ha, ha! How did you like it?

SECOND MAN. Didn't you call us? Didn't you shout for us?

SHEEP-BOY. Of course I did. I wanted to see you run. It was great fun. Ha, ha, ha!

THIRD MAN. You are a bad boy. You took us away from our work. We have lost time and money. I have a mind to give you a beating. See that you don't do it again.

(*Men leave.*)

SHEEP-BOY. This is very tiresome. I must have some fun again. I wonder if I can make these men run once more. Let me shout—*Wolf! Wolf! Wolf!*

FIRST MAN. There is that boy again!

SECOND MAN. He seems to be frightened this time.

THIRD MAN. Yes, I believe he is in earnest. Let us run! Hurry! Hurry!

SHEEP-BOY. Wolf! Wolf! Help! Help!

FIRST MAN. Hurry, or we shall be too late. (*Men run to the boy.*)

First Man. Well, boy! What is it? Where is the wolf?

Sheep-boy. Ho, ho, ho! I nearly hurt myself laughing! It was all a joke. Ho, ho, ho!

Second Man. You bad boy, to call us from work! I shall certainly punish you if you do that again.

(*All go away.*)

Sheep-boy. There is something coming out of the woods. He is running towards the sheep! He is like a big rough dog. It is a wolf! *Help! Help! Help! A wolf! A wolf! A wolf!*

First Man. There is that bad boy again.

Second Man. We shall leave him alone this time.

THIRD MAN. I wish the wolf would eat him up.

SHEEP-BOY. *Hurry! Quick! A wolf! Help!*

WOLF. Ho, ho! Good fat sheep! And a fine young boy! I think I'll eat him first.

(*Exit wolf, dragging away the boy.*)

OVER IN THE MEADOW

OVER in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother toad
And her little toadie one.
"Wink!" said the mother;
"I wink," said the one;
So she winked, and she blinked,
In the sand, in the sun.

The Nursery.— *Waterlow.*

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother;
"We swim," said the two;
So they swam and they leaped,
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother bluebird
And her little bluebirds three.
"Sing!" said the mother;
"We sing," said the three;
So they sang and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,

Lived a mother muskrat
And her little muskrats four.
"Dive!" said the mother;
"We dive," said the four;
So they dived and they burrowed,
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother honey-bee
And her little honeys five.
"Buzz!" said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five;
So they buzzed and they hummed,
In the snug beehive.

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

AN OUTDOOR CIRCUS

"FREE! Free! Come and see the wonderful circus. Chee, chee, cheerie!" Robin sang from the top of a tall tree beside the pond.

We sat down on the grassy bank to see what was going on. Shall I tell you about it?

We soon found that this wonderful circus was in the water. The show had begun with dancing. Ten or twelve tiny beetles were having a lively dance. Round and round they went. They did not seem to get tired, and they never stepped on each other's toes. What fun they were having!

Suddenly they all dived to the

bottom. The clown was coming, and they did not want him to make fun of them.

He did not look like the clowns you have seen at the circus. Dear me, no! He was a great brown bug with big feet which he used like oars. He went so fast that he bumped his nose on a piece of grass growing in the water. He was not hurt, for he went right on. Then he ran into some weeds, and went away with a long green stem hanging to one foot. When he had gone, a tiny tadpole wriggled in all alone. He must have been frightened when he saw us, for he went away in a great hurry. He did not even wait to make his bow, as any polite tadpole should do.

All this time there was music by the frog band. What a noise it made! Some of the frogs sounded as if they had bad colds in their heads.

One little frog sat near us, and we could watch him. He puffed out his throat until it looked like a little bag, and out of it came a loud rattle. I leaned over to see him better, and he stopped singing, for he was very shy.

We should have liked to see more of the circus, but it was now time to go home.

Robin was singing in the tree.

"Thank you for telling us about the circus. Some time we will come again," we said to him.

ZOE MEYER.

(*From "The Outdoor Book," by permission of Messrs. Little, Brown, and Co.*)

GRAY AND WHITE

THERE was once a rabbit with silver fur:
Her little gray neighbors looked up to her,
Till she thought with pride in the moon-lit wood,
"The reason I'm white is because I'm good."

"Oh what shall I do?" cried a tiny mole;
"A fairy has tumbled into a hole:

It's full of water and crawling things,
And she can't get out, for she's hurt
her wings.

"I did my best to catch hold of her
hair,
But my arms are so short, and she's
still in there.
Oh! darling white rabbit, your arms
are long,
You say you are good, and I know
you are strong."

"Don't tell me about it," the rabbit
said,—
She shut up her eyes, and her ears
grew red;—
"There's lots of mud, and it's sure to
stick,
Because my hair is so long and thick."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sobbed the poor
little mole,
"Who will help the fairy out of the
hole?"
A common gray rabbit popped up
from the gorse,
"I'm not very strong, but I'll try, of
course."

His little tail bobbed as he waded
in,
The muddy water came up to his
chin,
But he caught the fairy tight by the
hand
And sent her off safe into Fairy-
land.

But she kissed him first on his
muddy nose,

She kissed his face, and his little wet toes,
And when the day dawned, in the early light
That little gray rabbit was shining white.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE CITY MOUSE

Scene I

(Country Mouse in his home. Enter City Mouse.)

Country Mouse. I was afraid you were not coming. I thought something had happened to you.

City Mouse. You need never fear for me. I can look out for myself. But I am as hungry as a wolf.

"Saved."—*H. Sperling.*

Country Mouse. There is no need to wait then. We always have plenty to eat. Here is a little bacon and some peas. Just help yourself.

City Mouse. (*Tries to eat, but* [illegible] *up his nose. Tries again, but* [illegible] *away in disgust.*) Dear me! I am afraid I am not well. Excuse me, if I do not eat any more just now.

Country Mouse. Ha! I am sure you do not like your supper, for you said you were hungry, and now you do not eat.

City Mouse. Do not worry about me. Let us talk about something else. Why do you live out here in the country?

Country Mouse. Where should I go if I left the country?

City Mouse. To the city, of course. That is the place to live well. Just come along and see for yourself. We have pie and cake and cheese and everything a mouse could wish for.

Country Mouse. That is very interesting. Perhaps I shall go some day.

City Mouse. Come on now.

Country Mouse. Well, I suppose I might.

City Mouse. Good for you. We shall have a fine time. Just as soon as it is dark we shall get out.

(*They wait a minute.*)

Now come on. Let us travel as fast as we can.

(*They run around the room.*)

Scene II

City Mouse. Well, here we are at last.

(*They approach the table.*)

Country Mouse. Why, who ever saw a table like this? What do you call these things? Are they good to eat?

City Mouse. Here is cheese. How do you like it? Here is pie. Isn't that good? Try a little of this short-cake. Do you like it as well as bacon and peas. Ha, ha!

Country Mouse (*listening*). What is that noise? I don't like it at all. I'm getting a little afraid.

City Mouse. The door is opening. Run! Hide! Be quick!

(*Enter Servant, who takes something from the table and goes out again.*)

City Mouse. You got quite a fright, didn't you?

Country Mouse. Indeed I did. My poor heart is beating yet. Are you not afraid too?

City Mouse. Oh no, I'm not afraid. I am used to it.

Country Mouse. I am sure I could never get used to it. Listen! There's the door again.

City Mouse. Quick! Run! There's the dog! Run!

(*Mice run to their hole.*)

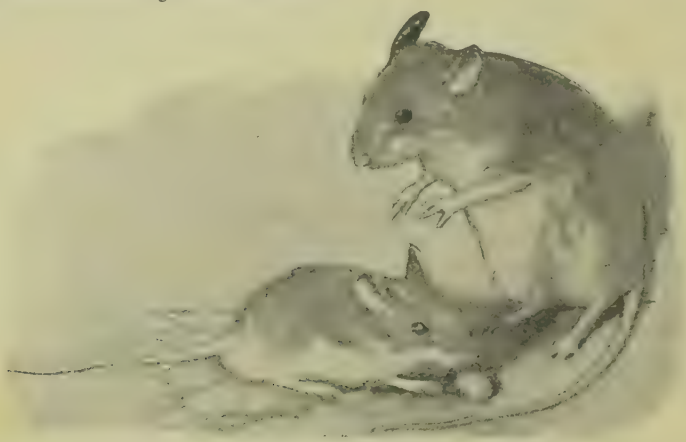
Fred. What is it, Sport? Do you smell mice? Never mind them. Just try this turkey instead. I'll take some cake. Now let us sneak out again.

(*They run out.*)

City Mouse. They are gone. Let us go back and finish our meal.

Country Mouse. No, I am not going back again. I am going home—home as fast as I can.

City Mouse. But you have never seen the city at all.



Country Mouse. I have seen quite enough, thank you.

City Mouse. But think of the pie and cake and cheese.

Country Mouse. I would rather eat

bacon and peas in peace than all your dainties in danger like this. Good-bye, I am going.

City Mouse. You will come back when you get over your fright.

Country Mouse. No more! But I shall be glad to see you again. Thank you for all your trouble. Good-bye.

(*Mice run out—one to right and other to left.*)

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me.
But what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head,

And I see him jump before me when
I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the
way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which
is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller
like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that
there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how chil-
dren ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in
every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a
coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as
that shadow sticks to me.

One morning very early, before the sun was up,
I rose, and found the shining dew on every buttercup.
But my lazy little shadow, like a downright sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast asleep in bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(*By permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.*)

THE ORIGIN OF PUSSY WILLOWS

It seems that the fairies are always on the lookout for kind deeds, and whenever they find one they like to change it into something beautiful for the earth-children.

Now it was the small baby willow that asked the big mother willow tree why it was she bore such lovely, soft gray pussies on her branches each spring.

And the mother willow replied: "There is always a reason, little one, for everything beautiful, and the reason why willows have pussies, so soft and gray, is because of a kind deed a willow tree did once, long ago. I will tell you about it."

Then she told this story :—

"The willow tree that did this kind deed grew on the bank of a deep river, and her wide-spreading branches almost swept the surface of the water.

"One morning, while she was busy caring for her baby buds and new leaves, she heard rapid footsteps, and in another moment she saw a boy rush down to the edge of the river and throw something into the water with a great splash! Then he was off again as quickly as he had come.

"Now what do you suppose the big willow tree saw floating and struggling in the water, just beneath the shade of her limbs?

"Three of the softest, prettiest gray kittens that any one ever saw.

"They were just about the color of blue curling smoke, and each one wore a pair of fuzzy, silver-gray mittens, with the daintiest of little pink cushions tucked underneath.

"Just as the willow tree was wondering what to do about it, she heard something else come flying down the path, jumping over bushes and stumps and scattering the dry leaves in her pathway as she ran.

"It was the mother of the dear, little, soft gray pussies, and when she reached the river's edge and saw her own baby kittens struggling in the deep water, she jumped right in, with a great splash, and tried her best to save their lives.

"Poor baby pussies! The water was

getting into their pretty blue eyes and running into their noses and ears and mouths, and in a very few minutes they most surely would have been dead, had it not been for the kindness of the big willow tree.

"'Quick! oh, quick!' she cried, bending her branches low over the water's edge. 'Catch my limbs, hold tight, and I will hold you above the water.'

"And then, one by one, the mother cat and her three baby kittens were caught up by the strong branches of the willow and held tight, until the brave mother cat brought each half-drowned kitten safely to the shore.

"In the snug hollow of the big willow tree she made them a bed and

soon licked them all dry with the queer pink towel mother cats carry around in their mouths.

"The baby kittens seemed to like their new home very much, and in a few hours were as well and happy as ever.

"Perhaps they thought it was better to live in the woods with a kind willow tree than in a house with an unkind earth-child. I know the mother cat believed this, because she did not try to carry her kittens away, but began to make herself at home as they did.

"The willow tree was very glad of this, and she enjoyed watching the baby kittens.

"They grew fatter and plumper and rounder every day, and their mother

was kept busy trying to raise them in just the right way.

"She showed them their soft, silver-gray mittens, and told them how to keep them washed clean with their long, pink tongues.

"And she showed them their sharp little claws, and told them how to use them, and how to say 'Sput-t!' and how to arch their gray backs when anything came to frighten them.

"So every day the baby kittens grew smarter. They even learned to climb to the very top of the big willow tree, and would sometimes curl up on her branches for a morning nap—tiny little balls of silver-gray fuzz they seemed to be.

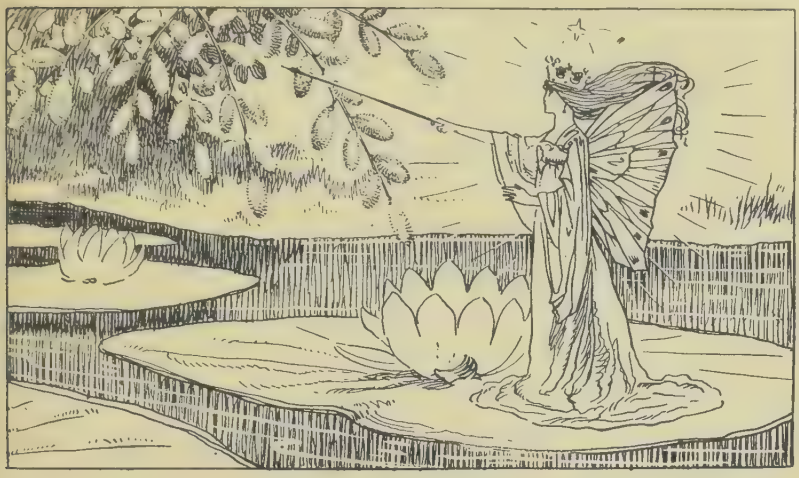
"It was then the willow tree loved

them most, and the more she watched them asleep in her branches, the more she wanted some like them for her very own—some who would always stay with her and never run away.

"How the Fairy Queen did laugh when she heard of this wish! It seemed so very queer that a tree should want silver-gray pussies.

"But she had also heard about the kind deed of the big willow tree in saving the lives of the little gray kittens and their mother too; so, waving her jewelled wand over the willow tree, she sang—

"'Willow fair, dear willow fair,
Silver-gray pussies shalt thou bear,
Because thy heart is kind and true,
This thy wish I grant to you.'



"And so it was and always has been since.

"Every spring the willow tree and all of her kindred are decked with soft fuzzy pussies of silver gray—and even though you frighten them they never run away."

MADGE BIGHAM.

(From "Fanciful Flower Tales," by permission of Messrs. Little, Brown, and Co.)

PUSSY WILLOW

The brook is brimmed with melting
snow,
The maple sap is running,
And on the highest elm a crow
His coal-black wings is sunning.
A close green bud the mayflower
lies
Upon its mossy pillow;
And sweet and low the south wind
blows,
And through the brown field calling
goes,
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow,
Within your close brown wrapper
stir;
Come out and show your silver fur,
Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Soon red with buds the maple trees,
The bluebirds will be singing,
And yellow tassels in the breeze
Be from poplars swinging;
And rosy will the mayflower be
Upon its mossy pillow;
But you must come the first of all.—
"Come, Pussy," is the south wind's call,—
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
A fairy gift to children dear,
The downy firstling of the year,—
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

Feeding her Birds.—*J. F. Millet.*

THE LITTLE ESKIMO

Oogly is a little Eskimo boy who lives in the cold North land. In that land there is little but ice and snow. In summer the days are so very long that there is hardly any night. In winter the nights are so long that little Oogly seldom sees the sun shining.

There are no trees in this cold land, but there is a kind of hard, brown moss, which grows under the snow. Oogly's mother heats her house and lights it with this moss. She puts it in a large dish filled with oil and lights it, as we do the wick of a lamp.

Oogly's house is not made of bricks and wood as yours is, but of big blocks

of ice or snow. These are piled one on top of another, and covered with snow to keep out the wind. When it is finished, the house looks like a large, round mound of snow. It is called an igloo. It has a small hallway to keep out the drifts, and the door is so low that Oogly's father and mother have to creep in on their hands and knees. There is one little

hole in the house to let in the light, and this is covered with a thin piece of skin.

Oogly does not wash and dress and eat as you do. He never washes in water, but rubs his face with oil. This helps to keep him warm.

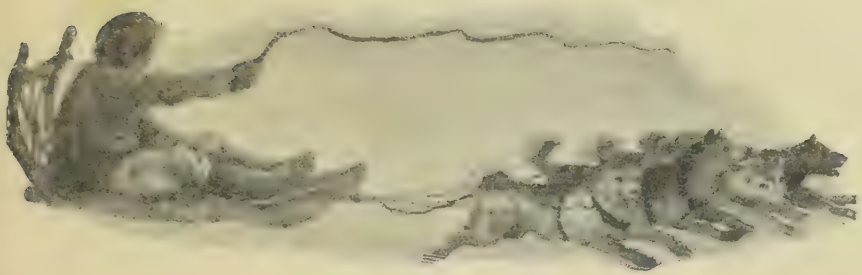
Then he must wear warm clothes; so he puts on two fur suits. The inside one has the fur next his body; the other one has the fur outside. These suits are made of seal-skin or bear-skin, and so are his boots. His stockings are made of the soft down of birds which his father kills. He takes off his outer suit when he goes into the house, for it is always warm there.

When he dines, he sits on a long

bench made of ice and covered with furs; and at night he sleeps there, too. He eats the meat and fat of the walrus and the bears and seals his father kills. When he is thirsty, he drinks the oil that comes from them. Sometimes his mother cooks soup, but very often he eats meat in long, thin, raw strips, which would not look nice to you even if you were very hungry.

He has no candy like you have. His father kills the birds that come there in summer, and his mother fills the bones of their feet and legs with fat. These filled bones are the only candies Oogly has.

He never saw a horse or cow—only seals, bears, and the dogs which draw his sled. The sled is made of bones.



tied with strips of skin. It is drawn by four or six dogs. Oogly cracks his whip and shouts to the first dog; the other dogs follow their leader, and away they go at a great pace over the ice and snow.

In summer Oogly's father spears seals through a hole in the ice. Then everybody has to help to dress the skins and beat them soft, so that they can be made into shoes and clothes. The knife Oogly's father uses to skin the seal with is made of bone. So is the needle his mother sews the skins

with. Her thread is made of thin strips of skin.

Oogly is a very happy little boy, as he plays games in the snow with his friends. In the long evenings his father and mother sit round the lamp of burning oil and moss, and tell him long stories. There are no books in that land, and Oogly could not read them if there were. But he learns all his father's stories by heart. Some day, perhaps, he will tell them to his own little boys and girls.

THE DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadows of the night.

And often when I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them up and dropped
them down
Into the meadows of the town.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.
(*By permission of Houghton, Mifflin Company.*)

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in the beautiful sea."
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeared are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;

And some folk thought it was a
dream they'd dreamed,
Of sailing that beautiful sea:
But I shall name you the fisher-
men three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little
eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed
the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful
things

As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.

(*By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.*)

THE FROG PRINCE

IN the old far-off days there lived a young princess so beautiful that even the sun, which sees a great many things, had never seen her equal. When she was dull, she played with a golden ball, tossing it and catching it.

One day as she sat playing near a deep well her ball rolled into it. At this she began to cry and sob and was very unhappy.

"Can you talk?"—*George A. Holmes.*

Just then a frog put his head out of the water and said, "What ails you?" The princess told him.

"What will you give me if I bring your ball up to you?" said the frog.

"Anything you may ask," replied the princess.

"If you will love me, and let me sit by you at your own table, and eat off your little golden plate, and be your friend—if you promise this—I will dive for your ball," said he.

"Oh yes," said she, "I promise all you ask, only bring back my ball."

No sooner had the frog brought back the ball than the princess picked it up and ran away with it to the palace, leaving the frog behind.

Next day, as the king and his family

sat at dinner, a knock was heard at the door, and a voice said,—

"Princess, youngest princess!
Open the door for me!

Do you know what befell
Yesterday by the side of the well?"

The princess told her father who it was and what she had promised. Then said the king, "You must do what you said you would. Go and let him in." She did so, and the frog hopped along to the table.

"Lift me up," said the frog, "and put me on the table." But she would not, until her father bade her do it. "Now, push your little golden plate nearer to me that we may eat together."

When she refused, because she was afraid of the frog, her father said, "You ought not to feel so towards one who helped you when you were in trouble. What you have promised you must do."

The Frog Prince.

So she moved her little golden plate nearer to him, and they ate together. When she had done her dinner, she began to feel less afraid of the frog, and in the afternoon she played with him for some time.

Next morning the strangest thing had happened. The frog was nowhere to be seen, but at the top of the stairs she found, waiting for her, a charming young prince. He told her how he had been changed into a frog by a wicked fairy and shut up in the well, and that no one but the most beautiful princess who would make a friend of him could change him back again.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM (*Adapted*).

THE REASON WHY

"When I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me—
I didn't laugh a little bit,"
Said Betty, grave and wee.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why didn't *you* laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"'Cause I'm the girl that fell!"

M. E. Bradley.

THE MONTHS

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February days grow colder,
Wind and frost and snow are bolder.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
To call the sleeping daffodil.

April brings the flowers sweet,
Dandelions at our feet.

May brings songs of birds and bees,
Little nests in leafy trees.

June brings buttercups and roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
For thirsty fields and trees and flowers.

August days are full of heat;
They ripen fruit for us to eat.

September brings the golden rod,
And silky milkweed in its pod.

In October nuts are brown,
And scarlet leaves sail slowly down.

November brings the chilly rain,
And whirling winds and frost again.

Cold December ends the year,
With Christmas tree and Christmas cheer.

Adapted from "Mother Goose."

THE END.

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